

A
Summary of Occurrences,

Relating to the

Miraculous Preservation

Of our late Sovereign Lord

King CHARLES II.

After the Defeat of his Army

at Worcester in the Year 1651.

Faithfully taken from the exprefs
Personal Testimony of those two worthy
*Roman Catholics, Thomas Whitgrave, of
Moseley, in the County of Stafford Esq; and
Mr. John Hudleston Priest, of the holy Order
of St. Bennet; the eminent Instruments under
God of the same Preservation.*

Permissu Superiorum.

L O N D O N,

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the same Preservation.*

TO the end future Ages may
be rightly informed, and
duly sensible of the mer-
cies and blessings of the Almighty

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bestowed upon our late Sovereign Lord of happy Memory King *Charles II.* and in him, upon the whole Nation, by the signal preservation of his Sacred Life and Person, from the Hands of the Rebels after the defeat of his Army at *Worcester*. We shall here, to the Glory of God the Protector of Princes, briefly set forth with all plainness and sincerity, such particular Passages and Circumstances as occurred immediately before, or during the time of the refuge and safety he found in his greatest danger and exigence at *Mr. Whitgraves House at Moseley*.

Please therefore to know, That His Majesties Army being on *Wednesday* the third of *September* (51.) wholly defeated at *Worcester*; his Friends dispersed; and Enemies in full pursuit of their Victory; The King conducted by Collonel *Charles Gifford*,

ford, and accompanied with the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, Mr. *Peter Street*, and others, retired on *Thursday* Morning to a House called *White-Ladies*, then appertaining to *Mistress Cotton* Widow, and now the Inheritance of her Son-in-Law *Basil Fitz-herbert* Esquire, in *Staffordshire*. There His Majesty changed his Habit, cut his Hair, and transformed himself into the dress of a Country Peasant; thus disguised, he dismissed all his Retinue, and committed his Person to the Fidelity of the *Pendrells*, poor Catholics, and labouring men, at, or about *White-Ladies*; with one of these *Pendrells*, named *Richard*, the King spent the rest of the day in a Neighbouring Wood, and at night attended only by the same *Richard*, set forwards his Journey towards *Madeley* in *Shropshire*,

Shire, with intention to pass over the River *Severn* into *Wales*, for the Recruit of his Army; but arriving near to the River side, he was informed by Mr. *Wolfe* a Catholic at *Madeley*, that all the Fords and Passages were so strongly guarded and obstructed, there was no possibility of effecting his design; so that in this extremity, he was forced after having absconded all *Friday* in a certain Barn of the said Mr. *Wolfe* to come back the next Night, and regain his former *Asylum* at another House of Mr. *Fitzherberts*, called *Boscobel*, Tenanted by *William Pendrel*, Brother to *Richard*, and adjoining to *White-Ladies*. During this interval, those Persons of Quality whom the King had dismissed from *White-Ladies*, endeavoured each one the best he could to provide for his own safety:

Amongst

Amongst others, the Lord *Wilmot* conjecturing the open ways least obnoxious to suspicion, departed the same *Thursday* in the forenoon from *White-Ladies*, and took along with him *John* another Brother of the *Pen-drels*, as a Guide into the common Road between *York* and *London*, but he soon perceived himself disappointed of his expectations herein, for the whole Country was Alarmed; The Enemy every where in pursuit; The Avenues on all sides blocked up, and searches redoubled by a promised Reward of One thousand pounds to any one who would discover the King. Wherefore my Lord justly despairing of success that way, took refuge in the House of one Mr. *Huntbatch* of *Brinford*, near *Moseley*, about four Miles from *White-Ladies*, and sheltered his Horses in

a ruin'd Barn of a poor Cottager not far from thence. But this place affording him little or no hopes of rest or safety, he sent his Guide *John* to *Wolverhampton*, in quest of some more secure Refuge. Here also *John* miscarrying, and frustrated wholly of all Relief; in his return to my Lord, by the singular conduct of Divine Providence, met with Mr. *Hudleston* at a Place called *Northcote*, *John* knew both the Person, Religion, and Character of Mr. *Hudleston*, and therefore with an assured Confidence related unto him; how the day before the Kings Army had been utterly routed at *Worcester*; how that very Morning the King himself with other great Persons had come in Private to *White-Ladies*, how the King had been there disguised, had dismissed his Followers, and

and was retired he knew not whether with his Brother *Richard*. How he had endeavoured to help a brave Person towards his escape into *York* and *London* Road, but not being able to compass it, nor get any Harbor for him either at *Hampton* or elsewhere, he had left him at *Mr. Humbatch's* at *Brinford* near *Moseley*, where he would be most certainly discovered, unless *Mr. Hudleston* could prevail with his Landlord (*Mr. Whitgrave*) to receive him, and conceal him in his House. Hereupon *Mr. Hudleston* carried *John* to his Chamber, imparted the Affair to *Mr. Whitgrave*, who touched with a fence of compassion and Generosity, willingly undertook the care (however dangerous to himself) of the distressed Lord's Concealment and Protection; accordingly *Mr. Whitgrave* without farther delay waited up-

on my Lord at *Brinsford*, comforted and encouraged him by his promised Assistance, and in fine, ordered matters so, that at ten a Clock in the Night my Lord was safely brought to his retirement at *Moseley*; the only difficulty remaining was how to dispose of my Lords two Horses; a thing not to be disregarded, both because they would be necessary for my Lords farther Progress, as also for that either standing as they did exposed in an open Barn, or being brought to Mr. *Whitgraves* Stables adjoining and obvious to the common Street, their being detected, would occasion a disclosing of the whole grcet; To remedy this Mr. *Whitgrave* sent a trusty Person to Colonel *Lane* at *Bently*, about three miles from *Moseley*, acquainted him with my Lords arrival, and desired him for some little time to

to secure my Lords Horfes. The Collonel who had formerly served under my Lord in the Wars, not only readily complied herein, but the same Night gave my Lord a private Visit, and kindly invited him to his House, as the more secure place, adding, That his Sister Mistris *Jane Lane*, had procured a Pass from the Governor of *Stafford*, for her self and a Servant to go to *Bristol*, by virtue of which Pass, he might as his Sisters Servant, get clear out of the Country. My Lord thanked him for his Civility, but said, he was well satisfied with his present Quarters; Yet withal entreated the Collonel he would keep the Opportunity of his Sisters Pass, and retain his Horfes till he heard from him again. Thus they took leave of each other, and the Collonel returned home.

The next day being *Friday*, his Lordship sent *John Pendrel* to learn what was become of the King, and what had passed at *White-Ladies*: *John* returning the same Night, brought word, That the King went the night before with his Brother *Richard* towards *Severn*, designing to pass over into *Wales*. Upon this information, my Lord resolved to accept of the proffered benefit of *Mistris Lanes Pass*, and accordingly next Morning being *Saturday*, he desired Mr. *Whitgrave* to send to Colonel *Lanes* for his Horses. He dismissed *John* in the afternoon home to *White-Ladies*; and the Horses arriving at a certain Place and time appointed, about Midnight he took leave of Mr. *Whitgrave* with all due expressions of Gratitude and kindness, and so departed to *Bently*.
Satur-

Saturday, And now my Lord being gone, Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Hudleston* entertained themselves with thoughts and sollicitudes concerning the King; They had heard nothing of him all that day. The last intelligence brought by *John* from *White-Ladies* on *Friday* was, That the King was gone the night before with *Richard* towards *Severn*, for *Wales*; but what success he had, or what was become of him since, they knew not, wherefore anxious between hopes and fears for his Majesties safety, they resolved to go the next day being *Sunday* to *White-Ladies* for their farther satisfaction; whilst they were thus determined, and walking together very early on the backside of the Orchard on *Sunday* Morning; They were surprized to see *John Pendrel* unexpectedly coming towards them,

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and approaching them with a frightful Countenance, and much importunity asked, where is my Lord? They told him, His Lordship was gone; Then (says the poor man in great consternation) we are all undone; For the King finding the Passages over *Severn* all guarded with Soldiers, and no possibility of getting into *Wales*, is come back to *Boscobel*; And we know not what to do with him, or how to dispose of him. He hath been for the most part since his Return concealed in a Tree (now called the *Royal Oak*) with Collonel *Carloes* in *Boscobel* Wood, but searches are every where made, and the King is much dejected, having no hopes or prospect of redress, wherefore understanding from me I had left my Lord *Wilmot* here, he hath sent me to him with orders he should take

take some speedy course for his removal and security with him. Upon this sad relation of *John's*, Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Hudleston* deeply moved at the Kings danger and Calamity, having first offered to God their *Sunday Duty* for his Majesties safety, accompanied *John* to my Lord at *Bentley*, where being admitted to his Lordship, it was upon mature deliberation Resolved. That my Lord should come back about Eleven at Night to *Moseley*, in order to the waiting upon the King there. That *John* should return to *Boscobel*, and from thence conduct his Majesty to a certain appointed Station near Mr. *Whitgraves* House, where Mr. *Hudleston* was to attend and receive him.

And what was thus designed, was
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accordingly executed; My Lord came, and was conducted by Mr. *Whitgrave* to his Chamber; And some few hours after, the King attended by *John*, and two or three more of the *Pendrel* Brothers, arrived on a Mill Horse near Mr. *Hudleston's* Station, where Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Hudleston* both waited for him; Upon his arrival he was immediately conducted to my Lord, who with some impatience expected him in his Chamber. The King being thus by Gods blessing safely introduced into the House, after some private discourse had between him and my Lord, His Lordship addressing himself to Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Hudleston*, said, Gentlemen, the Person whom you see here under this Disguise, is both your Master and mine, and the Master to whom we all owe our Duty and Allegiance; upon which

which they both kneeling down, His Majesty admitted them to the honor of kissing his Hand; Then bidding them arise, told them, *He had received from my Lord so good a Character of their Loyalty, and readiness to serve, and assist him, and his Friends in those dangers, that he would never be unmindful of them; nor theirs.* Immediately after he asked, where is the private Place my Lord speaks of? They then shewed him the place of his retreat for avoiding surprisals, which having seen, entred into, and much approved of, he returned to his Chamber. He then sat him down on his Bedside, and Mr. *Whitgrave* presented him with a little Biscake Bread, and a Glass of Sack, which he took; whilst he thus sat, his Nose bled; at this accident Mr. *Hudleston* seemed concerned, but His Majesty said it

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was usual with him; then taking out of his Pocket an old course Clout which the *Pendrels* had given him instead of a Handkerchief, he received the Blood into it, Mr. *Hudleston* then presented him with a fair Handkerchief, and kept the bloody Clout to himself. After this the King went to the Fireside, sat down in a Chair, and gave Mr. *Hudleston* leave to pull off his Stockings and Shoes, stuffed within with White Paper, but yet so uneasy, wet, and full of Gravel, they had extremely enflamed and galled his Feet.

Here it may not be unpleasant to some, if we briefly describe part of the Rustick Habit under which the King was disguised, he had on a long white Steeple crowned Hat, without other Lining than Grease, both sides of the Brim so doubled with handling, they looked like

two

two Spouts; a Leather Doublet full of holes, and half black with Grease above the Sleeves, Collar, and Waist. An old green Woodriffs Coat threadbare, and patch'd in most places, with a pair of Breeches of the same Cloth, and in the same condition, the flops hanging down loose to the middle of his Legg; Hose and Shoes of different Parishes; The Hose were grey, Stirrups much derved, and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of Flannel riding Stockings of his own, with the tops cut off; His Shoes had been cobbled with Leather patches both on the Soles and Seams, and the Upperleathers so cut and slashed to adapt them to his Feet, they could no longer defend him either from Water or Dirt. This exoticick and deformed Dress added to his short Hair cut off

of by the Ears, his Face coloured brown with Walnut-tree-leaves, and a rough crooked-Thorn-Stick in his Hand, had so metamorphosed him, he became scarce discernable who he was, even to those that had been before acquainted with his Person, and conversant with him.

Mr. *Hudleston* having cleaned and dried his Feet with warm Cloths, put on new Linnen and Worsted stockings, and accommodated him with Slippers, and other things necessary for his ease, His Majesty became thereby much refreshed and chearful, saying, *He was now fit for a new March; adding also, If it should ever please God to bless him with Ten or Twelve thousand Loyal and resolute Men, he doubted not but to drive these Traitors out of his Kingdom.* After
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an hour or two's discourse with my Lord *Wilmot*, in deliberation of what seem'd most expedient in the present conjuncture, it being now about five in the Morning, His Majesty desired to repose on his Bed, and the *Pendrels*, all but *John*, were dismissed home.

Munday, Upon the Kings first change of Apparel at *White-Ladies*, they had put him on a course patch'd harden Shirt, which by its roughness extremely incommoded him, and hindered his rest. This Mr. *Hudleston* observing, prevailed with him to accept of a new Holland Shirt of his own, and reserved for a Memorial the course one to himself.

For the better security of his Majesties Retreat, Mr. *Whitgrave* sent forth all his Servants betimes in

in the Morning, each to their several Employments abroad, except one Cook Maid a Catholic, who dressed their Dyet; And it was farther pretended, Mr. *Hudleston* had a Cavalier Friend, or Relation, newly escaped from *Worcester*, who lay privately in his Chamber unwilling to be seen. So that this grand secret was imparted to none in the House, but Mr. *Whitgrave*, Mr. *Hudleston*, and Mr. *Whitgraves* Mother, whom my Lord *Wilnot* presented to the King; And whom his Majesty graciously Saluted, and confided in.

At that time Mr. *Hudleston* had with him at *Moseley* under his Tutition, young Sir *John Preston*, and two other Youths, Mr. *Thomas Paelin*, and Mr. *Francis Reynolds*, Nephews to Mr. *Whitgrave*, these he placed at several Windows in the
Gar-

Garrets from whence they had a prospect of all the Passages from all parts to the House, with strict charge given them to bring timely notice of any, whether Soldiers or others that came near the House, and herein the Boys were as exact and vigilant as any Centinel could be on his Guard. It is now *Munday* in the Forenoon, and *John* is ordered to go to *Bentley*, with directions to *Collonel Lane* to send my Lords Horses at Night to *Moseley* to convey his Lordship back to *Bentley*. His Majesty eat constantly in Mr. *Hudleston's* Chamber: Mr. *Whitgrave* himself handing up all the Dishe; from below Stairs to Mr. *Hudleston's* Chamber door. And Mr. *Hudleston* placing them on the Table; when all things were brought up, old Mistris *Whitgrave* was called in, and commanded to sit down and Carve, whilst

whilst Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Huddleston* waited behind the King.

This day His Majesty spent partly in repoling and refreshing himself from the Fatigues of his former Journeys and hardships, and partly in recapitulating the late Transactions; and taking a View of the present posture of Affairs. He recounted his proceedings in *Scotland*, and described the methods of his March from thence to *Worcester*. He inquired how the Gentlemen of the Country were affected towards him, and sent Mr. *Whitgrave* to *Wolverhampton* to get intelligence of Affairs; sometimes he entertained himself at a Window opening to the common Street, from whence he had the deplorable sight of divers of his own poor Soldiers, even of those whom he knew of his own

Regiment, the sad remains of *Worcester* Fight; some of these had in their Hands Pease in the Straw, gathered from the Field-sides as they came along, others were eating Cabbage-Stalks and Leaves which were thrown out of Gardens into the High-Ways, not daring so much as to beg for Food. Others again wounded and maimed, sought for Relief at the Door, whose Sores *Mistris Whitgrave* with great tenderness and Charity dressed.

At Night my Lord *Wilmot's* Horses arrived as was appointed from *Bentley*, whither his Lordship accordingly returned with farther directions, That *Collonel Lane* should the next Night following, himself bring the Horses back to *Moseley*, in order to the Conveyance of his Majesty to *Bentley*.

Bentley. The King intending to take the benefit profered to my Lord *Wilnot* of *Mistris Fane Lane's* forementioned Pass, to quit the Country.

The next day, *viz. Tuesday*, the King conversed for the most part with *Mr. Hudleston*; *Mr. Whitgrave*, and his Mother, being employed in the discharge of their several duties towards his Majesties accommodation, and safeguard below stairs. He was pleased to enquire how *Roman Catholics* lived under the present Usurped Government; *Mr. Hudleston* told him they were Persecuted on account both of their Religion and Loyalty; yet his Majesty should see they did not neglect the Duties of their Church; hereupon he carried him up Stairs, and shewed him the Chappel, little, but

but neat and decent. The King looking respectfully upon the Altar, and regarding the Crucifix and Candlesticks upon it, said; *He had an Altar, Crucifix and Silver Candlesticks of his own, till my Lord of Holland brake them, which (added the King) he hath now paid for.* His Majesty spent likewise some time in perusing Mr. Hudleston's Books, amongst which attentively reading a short Manuscript written by Mr. Richard Hudleston, a Benedictine Monk, Entitled, *A Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church;* He expressed his Sentiments of it in these positive Words. *I have not seen any thing more plain and clear upon this Subject. The Arguments here drawn from Succession, are so conclusive; I do not conceive how they can be denied.* He also took a view of Mr. Tvervill's Catechism, and said, *it was a pretty*

pretty Book, and he would take it along with him.

This afternoon a Party of the Rebels unexpectedly came to search *Moseley* for Mr. *Whitgrave*; their approach was timely - discovered, and a Servant came running up Stairs towards the Chamber where the King lay, and cryed out Soldiers, Soldiers are coming; upon this Alarm the King was immediately conveyed by Mr. *Whitgrave* into the Private place, or Reception before mentioned, which always stood open and ready in case of contingencies for his Majesties Retreat. And Mr. *Whitgrave* to prevent farther search, and thereby to secure the King from hazard of Discovery, generously went down, and exposed himself to the sight and fury of the Soldiers, who violently seized upon him,

him, and would have hurried him to Prison, as a Person engaged for the King in *Worcester* Fight; but he assured them he had been a long time sick and infirm at home, and called in the Neighbours to attest the same, wherefore after much dispute, they at length let him go and departed. When they had quitted the Town and not before, Mr. *Whitgrave* returned, and with Mr. *Hudleston*, helped the King out of his Confinement, and attended him in his Chamber. Mr. *Hudleston* knew the King was acquainted with his Character and Function, and consequently also of his being obnoxious to the Sanguinary Laws, and therefore said, *Your Majesty is in some sort in the same condition with me now, lyable to dangers and perils, but I hope God that brought you hither, will preserve you here. And that You will be as safe in this place,*

place, as in any Castle of Your Dominions.

The King addressing himself both to Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Hudleston*, Replied, *If it please God I come to my Crown, both you, and all of your Perswasion, shall have as much liberty as any of my Subjects.*

It is now *Tuesday* Night, and the hour of His Majesties departure from *Moseley* approaches. At twelve a Clock Mr. *Whitgrave* informed his Majesty that Collonel *Lane* attended at the place appointed, with the Horses to conduct him to *Bentley*. His Majesty then with all the resentments of Kindness and Gratitude for their Fidelity, and indefatigable care, day and night in his Service, bid adieu to Mr. *Whitgrave*, his Mother, and Mr. *Hudleston*; they kneeling down, begged his

is Majesties pardon for any mistakes they might have committed through ignorance or inadvertency in discharge of their Duty. And thus accompanied by Mr. *Whitgrave* and Mr. *Hudleston*, the King went down to the corner of the Orchard, where the Collonel expected with the Horses, Mr. *Hudleston* reflecting on the coldness of the season, and thinness of his Majesties Disguise, humbly implored he would vouchsafe to accept of his Cloak for a Protection from the severity of the Weather. The King put it on; Then again they all making their Obeisance, and with tears imploring the Divine Goodness for his Majesties safeguard, the King mounted, and came that Night to *Bentley*. From whence by means of the above mentioned Pass of *Mistris Lane*, he escaped under the notion of her Servant out of the Country

Country and Nation, remaining beyond the Seas till the time of his no less wonderful Restoration.

This is the sum of the signal Preservation of the Sacred Life and Person of our late Sovereign Lord King *Charles II.* at *Moseley*, wherein the Almighty Hand of God is clearly manifest, not only in the Preservation it self, but also in effecting the same by Means so weak, and disproportionate to the End. *To him be Honor and Glory for ever.* Amen.



Thomas Whitgrave,

John Hudleston.

FINIS.

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